

FIVE THOUSAND FOR A WIFE.

The Price a Pennsylvanian Paid for His Fourth Matrimonial Venture. At the Mahanoy Hotel in Uniontown a very romantic wedding was celebrated the other morning. The groom was a wealthy old farmer named Ephraim Walters, aged 82 years, from near Mazonow, while the bride was a rich widow lady named Mrs. Mary Madera from Morgantown, W. Va., where she conducts a millinery establishment. Mrs. Madera is aged about 50 years. Mr. Walters has already been married three times and has several children as old as the wife he has just wedded. He owns one of the finest farms in the country and is, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, worth at least \$50,000. The peculiar part of this wedding is that it has been a business transaction from the beginning. His third wife died about two years ago. At that time the old man was very feeble and had to walk with a cane. He had then had a stroke of paralysis and was badly crippled. His friends thought he would soon follow his wife. To their surprise he became very sprightly and soon threw away his cane. Not more than six months elapsed until he began to talk matrimony again. His children discouraged the idea as much as possible, but he was determined to get married. After looking about and finding no one to suit him he placed an advertisement in the papers offering \$500 to any one who would find him a respectable wife. He also offered \$5,000 to any woman who would agree to marry him.

Mrs. Madera heard of the offer and a correspondence was arranged between them. She agreed to marry him for a certain sum of money, made payable to her at the time of the marriage. A satisfactory arrangement was made and the wedding day fixed.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE.

Prince Hohentlohe Comes Within an Ace of Killing Baron Vietinghoff. It would be difficult to find on record a stranger hunting adventure than that experienced by Prince Hohentlohe, son of the German chancellor, and Baron Vietinghoff the other day, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Sun. They went out together to shoot stags and agreed to destroy the animals by imitating their call on a special horn. The hunters separated, each accompanied by a gamekeeper, and went in different directions. During the course of the day they approached each other, and each heard the other's de-cay call and believed a stag was before him. Imitating the heavy steps of the animal they noisily drew still nearer. The imitation of the steps and call was so well done that they finally arrived within ten paces of each other without perceiving their mistake. The thicket was so dense that they could not see through. Both stood still repeating the challenge from time to time. Each still firmly believed that he was within a few paces of a real stag. At last the prince, tired of waiting, fired three rapidly in the direction of the supposed game. The first bullet glanced off the cartridge belt of Baron Vietinghoff, the second struck his watch and sprang off, the third fell dead from his pocket well filled with papers. The young baron, though hit three times, stood unwounded. He was so convinced that not his fellow hunter but a stag was before him that he attributed the shots to the explosion of cartridges in his belt, and busied himself unfastening his belt for the purpose of throwing it away. The astonishment of both when they at last found out what had happened was great.

A Mighty Host.

On the last day of June of the present year there were on the pension roll of the United States Government 970,000 names. To these people, during the fiscal year which ended with that day, \$140,000,000 had been paid.

The pension list has been growing ever since the war closed, until the present year; but now it seems to have reached a maximum from which it will decline slowly.

What we pay in pensions represents what we may well call our "war indemnity." It is the compensation for suffering, disability, loss of means of support on the part of those who had no responsibility for the war.

It is a heavy tax upon the whole country, but the country is willing to pay it. We can better afford to endure the tax than we can afford to refuse to pay pensions to those who really deserve them.

No other country has ever so burdened itself for such a cause; but no other country has ever in practice put so high a value upon patriotism as ours has done.

In song, in story, in sentimental ways, patriotism has been rated, in other lands, as high as possible; but in our country we have a practical way of doing all things. The mighty army of men, women and children who draw pensions from the Treasury, represents our practical way of recognizing the service and sacrifice of the civil war.

No harm, but rather good, will come in permanence to the country as a result of a pension policy, liberal but not lavish, in favor of all deserving veterans and in favor of them only.—Youth's Companion.

Market Day for Hungarian Kisses. Kisses have a market day at Nagyatny in the Hungarian Komitat of Arad. A strange old custom is in use there on St. Joseph's day and a few days following. The young women who have been married within the last twelve months assemble in the market place and offer themselves to be kissed by the gentle and simple, "Herren and Bauern" indifferently, at so much money per kiss. The prices are exceedingly modest, the lowest being 4 hellers and the highest 20 hellers. These, at least, were the prices, according to the Hungarian reporter, on St. Joseph's day last, March 10. There is possibly some feudal interpretation of the eccentric custom, but the reporter does not supply it.—Westminster Gazette.

Bear Catching. An original and unique device is in use with the Esquimaux for hunting and killing the polar bear. Knowing the bear to be fond of blubber, they take a piece of it as large as a man's fist, and after letting it freeze, hollow out the center sufficiently to admit a strip of whalebone coiled into a spring. This is covered with more blubber, and the whole again frozen.

Dressing themselves to look like seals, the bear's favorite food, the hunters take several of these frozen balls and start out. When a bear is discovered they approach near enough for him to see them. As he begins to creep stealthily toward them they slowly retreat, dropping a number of the balls in such a way that the bear in following them must surely come upon the blubber. Bruin, seeing these delicate morsels, swallows them whole, and continues his stealthy chase of the supposed seals. But he does not progress far before the blubber melts and releases the whalebone springs. These new "works" in his internal economy soon put him in such agony that he rolls and tumbles upon the ice and becomes an easy victim to the weapons of the hunters.

A GRITTY CAT.

Pussy Kills an Eagle and Takes It Home.

Charles Wiswell, of Carbonate, Lawrence County, has a cat that is a king of its kind. Besides being a good mouser, this remarkable feline is death to mountain rats, night hawks and other small game, not long ago bringing home as the result of its prowess a large jack rabbit. But the most remarkable incident in the cat's history happened a day or two ago.

It was an encounter with a full-grown bird of freedom, and pussy was the victor. The cat was sitting on a pile of quartz patiently waiting the reappearance of a chipmunk, which but a moment before it had chased into a hole, when suddenly the sky above the cat became darkened, and an ominous fall upon pussy's ear. The cat sprang aside with a motion so rapid that the eye could scarcely follow it, and in the place it had occupied but a moment before stood a full-grown bald eagle, its plumage ruffled and thrashing for blood. Pussy had snatched and accepted the gage of battle, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the famous "monkey and parrot" time was being re-enacted. It was a desperate struggle, and, although pussy was pretty badly scratched by the eagle's talons, it, when taking the initiative in the fight, secured a decided advantage, having landed on the eagle's back. For a few moments the air was filled with fur and feathers, and the ground was soon up, but pussy held on, and in a short time succeeded in biting through the neck of its antagonist. The struggles of the eagle grew weaker and weaker, and soon ceased altogether, and pussy, exhausted by the violent exertions and sore from wounds inflicted by the eagle's talons, rested for a moment, then, as calm as though sitting on a rug before the kitchen hearth, went carefully over the ruffled fur, made its toilet, and, seizing the body of the vanquished antagonist, drew it with much difficulty to the home of its master. Laying it at the master's feet, the cat purred its satisfaction, and in this way boasted of the victory.

The combat was witnessed by a number of people, every one of whom expressed a desire to buy the cat, but Mr. Wiswell says he would not sell it for the best mine in the Black Hills. The eagle measured 6 feet 4 inches from tip of one wing to that of the other.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Table of Petrified Human Flesh.

There is a table in the Segato department of the Nuova Santa Maria Hospital Museum at Florence, Italy, which for originality in the matter of conception is probably without a rival. The designer and constructor of this wonder was Prof. Giuseppe Segato (one authority spells the name "Sagatti"), the discoverer of a lost process for petrifying human and other flesh, and who worked in the various hospitals and museums of Italy about forty years ago. To a casual observer this table is nothing more or less than a curious mosaic made up of marbles and agates of different sizes and colors. In reality, however, it is composed wholly of human flesh, muscles, viscera, intestines, etc. It comprises every portion of the human body transformed into solid stone, destined to endure as long as the world shall last. Different portions of the human body, showing the whole internal anatomy, are so beautifully petrified as to be a wonder to the traveler as well as an object of study for the medical student. The table is bordered with upwards of 100 human eyes, preserved by some process which makes them look as natural as life. It is, without doubt, the most ghastly piece of furniture ever designed by man.

Bell Lightning.

The occurrence of what is known as ball lightning is so rare that every instance of it is of some interest. The London Lancet lately described a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain who had gone to visit a patient in a neighboring town. He was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious.

On coming to himself he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burned off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella has a wooden handle. Had it been metal he must have been instantaneously killed.

Expert Photography.

A recent lawsuit in Ohio, involving the ownership of fifteen hundred acres of valuable real estate, was settled lately by the aid of photography. The turning point of the suit was as to whether an old deed executed seventy years ago had five signatures or only four. There were spaces for five, but only traces of four visible. The clerk of the court was ordered to have the deed photographed by an expert. He took it to Washington for this purpose. The negative developed some evidence of the missing signature, but on enlarging it ten times the whole name came forth distinctly.

Mud in Montana.

A spring that throws a thick stream of mud nearly twenty feet into the air has been discovered in northwestern Montana.

Narrow Gauge Roads.

Light narrow gauge railroads are again being tried in England and France.

SENT WEST.

An Old Clergyman's Way of Preaching the Gospel.

About five years ago the secretary of a missionary organization in one of our great religious denominations visited a large mining town in the West. There was a missionary in the place, with whom he stayed. The dinner was cooked and served by the wife of his host, who sat down, too wearied to eat.

"Have you no help?" asked the secretary.

The missionary's wife laughed. "There are several thousands of men in this town, and only twenty-two women," she said. "The women are the wives of prosperous citizens. I do not know that one of them has a maid to help her. There are not enough Chinamen to meet domestic demands. Women cooks or chambermaids would make a fortune here."

"Whom do the men marry?" inquired the secretary, after a thoughtful pause.

"They don't marry," replied the missionary. "More than that, this region is settled by ranchmen, young men, who, for want of home life, are driven to drinking and gambling. This town is filled with saloons and gambling dens."

"The men must have amusement—something besides their work. They are not usually a class who care for reading, or who have much self-control. The most efficient help that I could have in my work would be a few good homes, with wives and mothers in them."

The difficulty was a new one to the good secretary. It remained in his memory.

Six months later he visited a large country town in New England. After two days, he said to the clergyman, "I see only women and old men here. Where are your young men?"

"Gone West," was the reply. "Worse than that, they have carried with them the capital and energy of the town. There is no industry here by which the surplus population of women can support themselves. They simply starve and grow old."

The secretary made no reply. But some time later he made a suggestion and a proposal to his host which was, if he would select thirty respectable and industrious young women in his town, and induce them to go to the mining town he had visited he would consign them to the care of the missionary and his wife, who would take them in charge and secure work for them, for which they would receive liberal pay. "I will see," he said, "that the expense of their passage out is paid, and the cost of their board until each girl has found employment."

The offer was accepted, and soon a car-load of bright, energetic girls were on their way West.

A year or more later, the secretary again visited the missionary, and again his wife cooked and served the dinner. "Why, where are the thirty maidens?" he exclaimed.

"Every one," said Mrs. M., "is married and in a home of her own, making, I hope, a better man of her husband. As you intended they should do," she added, significantly.

The old clergyman laughed. "There are other ways of preaching the Gospel than by sermons," he said, quietly.—Youth's Companion.

Cats' Eyes for Clocks.

It is common opinion that cats are able to see in the dark. That is an error. No animal can see in absolute darkness. Some little light there must be, but cats are able to see with a very, very little. Everybody must have noticed the slit-like form of the pupil of a cat's eye.

If the animal be placed in broad sunshine or strong artificial light the pupil contracts to a mere line, thereby excluding excess of light, which would otherwise be painful. If the animal, however, be removed to a situation comparatively dark then the pupil opens to its full size, and the slit-like aspect of it ceases.

It is a point in the comparative anatomy of cats worthy of remark that the slit-like pupil does not exist in the larger species of the tribe. The lynx has it, but no cat-like animal of much larger dimensions.

I have seen it stated that the pupil of a cat's eye is so perceptive of variations in the intensity of light—contracts and expands so regularly—that a Chinaman will tell you what the time is, or thereabouts, not by looking at a watch or clock, as we would do, but by looking into the eye of a cat.

Cable Way Over a Deep Ravine.

Across the Devil's dyke, a deep ravine near Brighton, England, a cable way has just been erected and opened for traffic. From a single steel-wire rope, three inches in diameter, stretching 1,200 feet between two iron columns on either side of the dyke, are suspended steel anchors, two feet from fluke to fluke, by wire ropes of smaller dimensions and of varying lengths, so as to bring the line of anchors on a level. On the flukes are supported two wire road cables, one inch in diameter, on which run the pulleys which support the car. The cars are iron and wire cages, seven feet by five, carrying eight passengers. They are moved by an engine on the bank, driving an endless wire rope to which the cable is gripped, like our cable cars. The cable is 220 feet above the bottom of the ravine, and the trip takes two minutes and a half.

The Lion and the Mouse.

Thackeray used to rail against this "anobish" custom of publishing the names of guests invited to great entertainments, declaring that they were supplied by the footman, "Jeames, of Buckley Square." Yet, such is human weakness, when there came a time when the famous novelist was a power in society, and was asked to all the great entertainments, he was rather surprised to see his name always omitted from the reports. At last he went up to a reporter who was writing down the style and the titles of the guests as they came into a mansion, and said, significantly, "My name is Mr. Thackeray." The reporter, who was attached to one of the greatest of the "dailies," said quietly, "And mine is Jeames." The novelist's name did not appear on the list, all of which goes to show that the lion cannot and never could afford to offend the mouse.

The Great Hervey Warehouse.

The Hervey Brothers Commission Company have reopened their great warehouse at 428 to 448 North Halsted street, and have sent out the following circular in connection therewith:

To consumers and dealers of hay, oats, grain, flour, and feed of all kinds:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that if you do not buy your feed at our warehouse you are unaware of the benefits you can derive by so doing.

We handle the best goods only and sell at rock-bottom prices, for the many advantages we have over other wholesale feed men are so great that it enables us to sell first-class goods as cheap as others sell second-class.

Our warehouse is the largest, handiest and most complete hay and grain warehouse in the city of Chicago, covering one acre of ground and situated on the C. & N. W. R. R. tracks, where we have our own private track and receive all our goods direct to our warehouse. This is a great advantage, as it saves the expense of hauling, which is quite an item.

We have constructed, in addition to our warehouse, the latest improved grain elevator system, which unloads, elevates and conveys, by machinery, all our grain from cars on our track direct to our elevator, without rehandling. This is a great labor saving, and adds greatly to the value of grain, as all grain passes through our grain elevator, which frees it from all dust and chaff, and leaves it perfectly clean.

There is no waiting outside on the street in cold and wet at our warehouse, as we have provided large "driveways" for teams, and plenty of waiting room in our warehouse. All our bins are elevated, so that you can drive under them and put on a load in less than five minutes.

We do a straight wholesale and retail mercantile business, and you will always find us here, from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m., ready to show you our goods and give you prices. We invite you to call and examine our stock, look at our cleaning and conveying machinery and see the way we do business.

Thanking you for your past favors, and hoping we may receive your orders, we remain, yours very respectfully,

HERVEY BROS. COMMISSION CO.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27. To Waukegan and lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.

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J. H. Cutler Bourbon, 1877, 4.00 Irish Whisky, John Jameson, \$4.00
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